

## hug all ur friends

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## hug all ur friends

by [heyobsessions](#)

### Summary

“Dude, my TA is so your type,” Sapnap said in greeting, sitting down across from Dream in the library.

“Huh?” Dream said. “How do you know my type?”

“He’s like... twink central,” Sapnap said.

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Or, Sapnap watches his best friend fall in love.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Dude, my TA is so your type,” Sapnap said in greeting, sitting down across from Dream in the library.

“Huh?” Dream said, tapping his airpod to pause the emo music he was definitely listening to.

“How do you know my type?”

“He’s like... twink central,” Sapnap said. He slumped down in his chair, putting his feet in the one next to him, settling in to watch Dream study like a nerd.

Dream made a choking sound, and Sapnap looked up from his phone to see his best friend’s face burning bright red. “I do not like—*twinks!*” He whispered the last part, leaning forward over the table.

Sapnap laughed loudly, happiness bubbling in his stomach. “Yeah, okay Dream. Anyway, you need to see this guy, you’re gonna die.”

Dream scrubbed a hand over his face and through his already messy hair. “How am I gonna see him anyway?”

“Ummmm,” he started. “I’ll find him on Insta.”

“What’s his name?” Dream asked, and Sapnap could tell he was trying to sound uninterested, but he also knew that Dream wasn’t interested in people very often. And Dream knew that out of anyone, Sapnap would know the kind of person Dream would like.

After about a minute, Sapnap broke the silence, turning his phone screen towards Dream. “George,” he said, belatedly answering the question. “He’s British, too, I think.”

Dream reached for the phone, looking at the frankly very bland and sparse account of George the TA. It was public, but he only had four posts, three of which were low quality cat pictures. The most recent was a picture of George from six months ago, standing on a cloudy beach that Sapnap assumed was in the UK. George was next to a seagull, standing awkwardly with a thumbs up, and the caption said “haha bird.” Completely not attractive at all, in Sapnap’s humble opinion.

He watched Dream’s face as he scanned the profile, probably trying to get a closer look at the selfie George had as his profile picture. He was biting the inside of his cheek, a habit of his.

Eventually Sapnap got tired of waiting and broke the silence, reaching for his phone. “Okay, enough mooning. Do you believe me now?”

Dream hesitated, then handed him his phone. He looked lost in thought. Stupid romantic, Sapnap thought. He was probably already contemplating what flowers to bring George at his next class.

“Whatever,” he said, going back to his laptop. Conversation over.

Sapnap grinned vindictively and went back to scrolling on his phone.

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Sapnap and Dream (leftover nicknames) met in middle school on a Minecraft server in a random discord call. Dream was one year older than him, and Sapnap remembers thinking how cool he thought Dream was (do *not* tell him). He also remembers vying for Dream’s attention desperately during that call, and how they accidentally talked over everyone else the whole time.

He had never clicked with anyone like that before, still hadn’t.

They had this friend in high school who told them that they were soulmates, like two halves of a whole. Her saying that made them feel super awkward at the time, but Sapnap couldn’t help but feel it was probably true. He’d followed Dream to college, after all.

He knew Dream inside and out, and he knew that was reciprocated. He knew every quirk, every

voice inflection, every thought process.

Because of all of that, Sapnap knew that Dream struggled connecting with people. He liked holding them at arm's length, and it was rare that he reached out to someone, that he was ever interested, platonically or otherwise.

And just like Sapnap could tell before it even happened that Dream was about to sneeze, he knew that this *otherwise* had caught Dream's attention.

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Sure enough, the morning of Sapnap's next class with George the TA (Intro to Computer Programming) Dream spoke up from the couch in their shared apartment, where he was pretending to watch TV.

"Hey, what if I came with you to Computer Programming later?"

Sapnap bit his lip to stop himself from smiling into his bowl of cereal. He put on a falsely curious voice. "But *why*, Dream? What use would my Computer Programming class be to your English major?"

"Fuck you," Dream said. "I just want to, like, see him. See if you're even right about him being my type."

"Alright, you can come," Sapnap said through a mouthful of Captain Crunch, "but you have to take my notes for me."

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Come 1:30, Dream followed Sapnap into the lecture hall, sitting next to him in the back row. Sapnap saw his eyes flicking back and forth, looking for George. He nudged him with an elbow, nodding towards the back corner of the room, behind the professor's desk.

"There," he said.

George was wearing ill-fitting jeans, scruffy sneakers, and a dark blue sweater, white collar peeking out over the top. He had a laptop perched on his knees and was typing intently. His brown hair was neat, and his brows were furrowed in concentration.

He looked over at Dream, and even he wouldn't have predicted the expression on his face. Dream was flushed, his mouth opened slightly, and his eyes honestly had stars in them.

"Woah," Sapnap said, half-whispering half-laughing. He knocked their shoulders together. "I'm right here, reel it in."

Dream blinked quickly a few times before sitting back in his chair, pulling up his desk from between their seats. "I'm gonna talk to him after class," he said, now getting his laptop ready to take notes for Sapnap.

Sapnap laughed again. "What are you even gonna say? You're not in this class."

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna say... I don't know, what does he do?"

Sapnap snorted. "What, like his interests? Fuck if I know, man. He said during the first class that he used to be, like, a software developer and help code plugins for games.

“Awesome, I’ll say I’m really into games and I want help coding plugins.” Dream said happily.

“Dream,” Sapnap said slowly, tapping his fingers on his desk. “You already know how to code. You’re like, better than everyone in this class, probably.”

“So?” Dream said, and then the professor started talking, and Dream started typing diligently.

Sapnap kept an eye on George during the lecture, but he never moved from his seat or stopped typing. Every once in a while, he looked up to listen to a question, but he always looked bored and went back to his laptop after a few seconds. Sapnap was wondering what a TA’s job even was.

When the class was dismissed, Dream and Sapnap stayed in their seats, letting the crowd of students mill out. Dream put his backpack on and stood, staring over at George, who was now starting to pack up his stuff. Dream was shifting back and forth on his feet and his hands went to his hoodie strings, no doubt to braid the frayed ends repeatedly, another habit.

Sapnap kicked him lightly on the ankle from where he was still sitting. “Go get him, tiger. This is what you’re here for, right?”

Dream took a deep breath, muttered “Yeah, yeah,” and then moved down the aisle towards the front of the room.

Sapnap tried to watch them inconspicuously, holding his phone in front of his face. He smirked when he saw the height difference between the two, George looking like he only just surpassed Dream’s shoulders.

Dream had secured his hands in his pockets, thank God, and he approached George without faltering. George looked up, a slightly shocked expression on his face, and Sapnap watched his eyes flick up and down Dream—Bingo.

They exchanged a few words that he couldn’t hear, but then George smiled brightly, the expression transforming his face, lighting it up for the first time he’d seen. Dream gave a little, awkward wave and came back up towards Sapnap, his eyes wide, eyebrows raised.

Sapnap gave a thumbs up in question and Dream returned it.

“Let’s go!” he said, jumping up.

Dream shushed him desperately, pulling him out of the room. Sapnap turned back at the last second to see George blushing furiously where he stood at the professor’s desk, and Sapnap shot him finger guns.

“Let’s go, Dream!” he said again once they were in the hallway, and Dream let out panicky laughter before returning his own quiet “let’s go!”

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Sapnap didn’t hear about George for a couple weeks, and any time he asked about him Dream would change the subject or flat out ignore him. He kind of figured that things didn’t work out, that Dream found out George was straight (yeah, right) or they didn’t get along or something like that.

Then one night, they were playing Minecraft, or trying to, he should say, since Dream kept pausing his game and ignoring Sapnap’s protests, instead texting someone on his phone every 30 seconds.

“Who are you talking to? Pay attention to me,” Sapnap whined, getting up from his side of the

table to walk around and grab at Dream's phone.

"Stop, Sapnap! I'm not—" Dream protested, but Sapnap was too quick and agile and got the phone, eyeing the texts with scrutiny.

He got a glimpse of one message before Dream wrestled his phone back, punching Sapnap in the stomach in the process.

George: Whatever you say Clay

Sapnap doubled over from the punch but crowed victoriously. "You *are* still talking to him! You sly dog, Dream!"

Dream's cheeks were on fire, and he was pouting insistently, but Sapnap could tell he was a little bit smug about it.

"Ewww," he continued, going back to his chair. "I can't believe he calls you *Clay*, that's so weird."

"You know that's my name, right? You are literally the only person who calls me Dream." Dream said dryly.

"Still weird."

He went to unpause his game and looked up to see Dream typing on his phone again. "What could you possibly be talking about with George the TA?"

"We talk about lots of stuff," Dream said quietly, thumbs still moving quickly.

Sapnap snorted. "Like what, coding? Wait, did you ever meet up with him for that? Did you guys do it on his desk—"

Dream cut him off with a well-aimed kick to the shin under the table and Sapnap laughed brightly.

"Well, he realized pretty quickly that I knew what I was doing, so I told him I just... wanted an excuse to talk to him, I guess. I told him I came along to class with you... and yeah. He codes Minecraft too actually! It's kind of crazy that we haven't run into him before, honestly. Maybe we can play with him sometime, or I don't know if he really *plays* Minecraft, ya know? But he's super funny, he just moved here from London for grad school, and he's one of those people where you can tell he's super smart but he doesn't know it, right? He's *so* funny. He almost made me throw up one time from laughing, that's how funny he is. And—"

Dream cut himself off from his nonsensical rambling, looking up to meet Sapnap's shocked face.

There was silent for a few beats, and then, "You really like him, don't you?"

Dream leaned back in his chair, folding his arms behind his head. He sighed, "Yeah, Sap. I really do."

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Another week passed of Dream texting George constantly and Sapnap studying George during lectures. He still didn't do much besides type on his laptop, occasionally advertise his office hours, and pass out papers. He seemed kind of boring, honestly, but he must have *some* kind of personality if Dream was so into him.

One evening, Sapnap was sitting on the couch, halfheartedly watching a football game when Dream came home. He didn't look up, but before he could call out a greeting, Dream faceplanted into his lap, laying on his stomach on the couch.

Sapnap's hands went to his best friend's hair automatically, petting the wavy strands. "Uh, hi," he said, trying to discern if this meant good news or bad.

Dream kicked his legs up and down like a TV show protagonist, and actually squealed into Sapnap's sweatpants.

Sapnap laughed, still stroking his hair. "What happened?"

"We kissed," Dream mumbled into the fabric, before flipping over, looking up at him with red cheeks.

"You kissed?" Sapnap said gleefully. "When? How?"

Dream lifted his hands to cover his face, but it didn't hide his giant smile. "Just now, when I dropped him off at his apartment. In my car."

"Awww, Dream!" It was Sapnap's turn to squeal, and he pinched Dream's cheeks between his fingers, making him laugh. "I'm so proud of you."

"Stop, stop," Dream whined, batting away his hands.

A pause. "I'm so happy, dude."

Sapnap couldn't hide the disgustingly fond face he made at that.

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The first time Sapnap talked to George, it was when he ran into him at the 7-11 right near his and Dream's apartment. Someone walked up next to him in the snack aisle, and he looked up to see George, studying the Lays like his life depended on it. He had airpods in and he was wearing a *Supreme* hoodie, of all things.

"George!" Sapnap said, and George looked up, panicked expression on his face.

"Uh, hi?" he said, looking confused.

Sapnap looked at him expectantly, but George face still showed zero recognition. Dick.

"It's Sapnap. Nick," he said, "Dream—wait—Clay's roommate. And best friend."

George blinks rapidly a few times, before blushing. "Oh, you're Sapnap? Clay talks about you a lot, sorry, I didn't recognize you at first."

Sapnap replied, "Hey, you might want to try and make a better impression on your boyfriend's best friend, ya know? I don't know how I feel about this *disrespect*."

George's mouth dropped open, and his eyebrows furrowed. "Hey, it's not my fault! You just sit in the way back every class and get Cs on every test. Honestly, you're kinda forgettable."

Sapnap laughed, shocked at the attitude. He ignored for now how George didn't dispute him calling Dream his boyfriend. "Not making your case better there, Georgie. What will *Clay* think?"

George glared at him for a second, before sniffing haughtily and snatching a bag of chips off the shelf. “Whatever,” he said, turning away.

Sapnap laughed again. No wonder Dream liked him so much—George was too easy to rile up. “I’m kidding, dude!”

He followed George down the aisle, forgetting about the snacks he came to buy. “Hey, you’re over 21, right?”

George looked over his shoulder, slight scowl still on his face. “I’m 23, why?”

“What, you’re 23? You cougar.”

“Cougar?” George sputtered. “What does that—never mind. Are you actually asking me to buy you alcohol? Why can’t you get your own?”

“Please, George,” he whined. “I’m only 19, plus Dream doesn’t like to drink, he never gets me anything.”

George smirked. “Oh, so now you need me? Maybe you should have been a little nicer...”

Sapnap suppressed the urge to stomp his foot. “C’mon, man. I’ll go home and tell Dream how *sweet* you were.”

George ignored him but turned to the direction of the alcohol, walking that direction. “Why do you keep calling him Dream? What is that?”

Sapnap rubbed the back of his neck. “Oh, sorry. Force of habit. It’s like... our nicknames for each other, I don’t know. They’re our Minecraft names, we’ve known each other as that since we were kids.”

They stopped in front of the beer and George looked at Sapnap, thoughtful expression on his face. “You guys really are best friends, huh?”

“Yeah man, BFFs for life and all that,” he replied, grabbing a six pack at random. He wasn’t exactly picky.

George was biting his lip when he straightened back up. “Does he...” he started, sounding nervous. “Does he talk about me at all?”

Sapnap held back a smile. “No, not that much. He freaked when you guys kissed for the first time, though.”

George balked. “He told you that? Ugh, that’s so embarrassing.”

Sapnap laughed. “Don’t worry, I didn’t get the gory details. I tried, believe me, but he wouldn’t spill. Nah, all he does is text you and smile at his phone like an idiot, he doesn’t tell me anything juicy.”

George looked down, but Sapnap could see his pleased smile.

They started the walk towards the register, and Sapnap swung the beer in his hand. “Are you actually gonna buy this for me?”

George snorted. “No way, you can venmo me if you want it that bad.”

“You’re so mean, George.”

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George started hanging around their apartment a lot, after that.

Sapnap thought he’d get annoyed by it at first, but George *was* funny, like Dream had claimed, and he actually filled out their dynamic quite nicely. He got along really well with George, even though they were at each other’s throats more often than not. George was bratty, and loved arguing, especially with Dream, but he was just as quick to retreat and pout, calling Dream to his rescue. Dream was just as on-and-off, going from bullying George mercilessly to defending him just as quick.

Sapnap knew that once Dream decided on something, he stuck with it. And Dream had decided on George.

He got used to seeing George sitting on their couch or hearing him giggling from Dream’s room. And when he wasn’t physically over, Dream and him were texting or facetimeing.

He also got used to how touchy they were. They tried to hide it, but it was like their bodies revolved around one another. Always just in his peripheral: playing with each other’s fingers, George leaning his head on Dream’s shoulder, Dream pressing a kiss to George’s hair.

They were all in the living room one night, watching a movie, with Dream and George on the couch and Sapnap in the armchair. Sapnap could feel the tension bubbling between them, and he finally looked over and said, “You know you guys can cuddle, right?”

The words were barely out of his mouth before George was scrambling across the couch to Dream, and Dream was opening his arms for him. George got himself snug in Dream’s lap, tugging Dream’s arms around him. Dream hid his face in the crook of George’s neck, and it was like their bodies completely relaxed, like the physical touch was palpable relief. Sapnap stared for a moment before he rolled his eyes, turning back to the TV.

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The escalation of their touchiness in his presence came when Sapnap came home after his last class of the day, walked into the kitchen, and promptly had his eyes burned out.

Dream had George pressed up against the countertop, one hand supporting himself on the counter, the other on George’s side. George had his arms flung around Dream’s neck, and they were kissing like their lives depended on it.

Sapnap yelped, slapping a hand over his eyes and turning away. He could *hear* the wet parting of their mouths. And Dream’s flustered laughter.

“Guys, seriously?” he complained, turning back to the offenders. “In the kitchen? This is a safe zone guys, I eat here.”

George looked a wreck. His lips were swollen dark red, his cheeks splotchy pink, and his neck was dotted with kiss marks. He had the gall to look slightly proud about the situation.

“Sapnap, don’t be jealous, c’mon,” Dream simpered, walking towards him. “I’ll kiss you if you ask nicely.”

He pulled Sapnap into his arms for a big hug, and Sapnap laughed despite himself, hugging him



back tightly.

“I guess it’s fine, then,” he said, smirking at George over Dream’s shoulder. George rolled his eyes and came over to tug on Dream’s arm. Dream relinquished Sapnap immediately, already turning back to George.

“Let’s go somewhere more... private, shall we?” George joked, voice low, shy smile on his face. Sapnap shuddered, cringing, and made a gagging sound.

Dream shot him one last cheeky grin as he was tugged around the corner.

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Sapnap came home after midnight from hanging out with some of his friends.

He blinked at the couch a few times, thinking maybe his eyes were playing tricks on him. That maybe he was more high than he had thought.

Dream and George were completely entangled on the couch, fast asleep. George was on top of Dream, arms wound around his torso, head nestled on his chest. His shirt was rucked up in the back, his back exposed.

Dream had one hand on that bare skin, the other dangling off the couch. His mouth was open slightly and Sapnap had never seen him look more at ease, despite being laid on by a 23 year old man.

Sapnap smiled crooked, and picked the forgotten blanket up off the ground, tossing it over the sleeping love birds.

He snapped a quick picture for blackmail before trudging off to his own bed.

-

Minx’s apartment was packed to the brim, people he barely knew milling around him. He’d secured a spot on the couch near the beginning of the night and was happy being in the center of the commotion, easy access to the food and the bong.

Sapnap didn’t really know anyone here, including the host, but George had been invited and really wanted to go, so he of course brought along Dream, and Dream of course brought along him. And who was Sapnap to turn down an opportunity to let loose.

Speaking of, he hadn’t seen Dream or George in a while. The last he’d seen, Dream was standing guard over George as Minx revolved around him, sort of like a vulture, glint in her eyes and evil smile on her face. George had only drunk one cup of mysterious juice at that point, as far as Sapnap knew, but he had already turned pink at the tops of his cheeks, giggly and loose in a way he usually wasn’t. Sapnap had practically felt the protective energy radiating off of Dream, telling everyone *he’s mine*.

Now, he scanned the apartment, seeking out his friends. His eyes passed over several groups of unknown people, dancing or drinking or standing in circles looking bored, before he spotted them.

They had worked themselves into a back corner of the apartment, near the hallway, and looked, as per usual, like they were in their own world. George was leaning against the wall behind him for support, a red solo cup still in hand. He had his other hand hooked in Dream’s belt loop, looking up at him with a sickeningly sweet expression, his eyes soft and dewy in the warm lighting.

Dream was looking down at him just as fond, and he was saying something to him that went unheard to everyone else. He was standing in a way that nearly blocked George from anyone else's point of view, the height difference between the two of them more pronounced than ever. He had one hand on the back of George's neck, probably petting the hair there.

"Those your boys?" a deep voice came from beside him. Sapnap snapped his head back over, vision spinning slightly from the weed, and looked at the boy next to him. Eret, his brain supplied.

He turned back to the circle of people he was in, smiling slightly. "Yeah, those are my idiots."

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Dream hadn't left his room in two days. Sapnap assumed he had eaten and used the bathroom at some point, maybe, but every time he knocked on the door or texted him he got zero reply.

Dream got like this a lot, when he was overwhelmed with work. He had an insane hyper focus, and when he zeroed in on something, it could be days before Sapnap saw him again. This time, it was all of Dream's final papers and exams falling within a span of a couple days. Sapnap last saw Dream on Thursday morning before their classes, and it was now Saturday night.

After one last failed attempt at making contact, Sapnap called for backup.

George knocked on the door 20 minutes after Sapnap talked on the phone with him, meaning he had literally hauled ass and probably ran straight over. When Sapnap opened the door, he was greeted by George's wide, anxious eyes, the rest of his face covered in a giant knitted scarf.

"Is he still in hiding?" George said, voice muffled by the scarf. He pushed past Sapnap into the apartment, toeing off his shoes.

"Yeah, no sign of life yet," Sapnap said, closing the door behind George. "Thanks for coming."

"He's such a dick," George said instead of replying, tossing his scarf on the couch as he stalked over to Dream's door.

He rapped three times in a quick succession, standing angry and prissy, hip cocked to the side. Sapnap sat on the couch to watch, anxiety rolling in his stomach. *Come on, Dream*, he thought.

"Clay," George called through the wood, knocking again. "Clay, c'mon."

A beat. "George?" came Dream's voice from his cave.

"Yeah, it's me," George said, voice softer now. He left his palm pressed against the door. "Can I come in?"

The door opened slowly, and Sapnap winced. Dream was in an extremely rumpled ensemble of sweatpants and a sweatshirt, and his hair was a greasy, tangled mess. The worst were his eyes, the bags underneath enough to make Sapnap physically hurt.

George whimpered. "Oh, you idiot," he said, the words so sweet that Sapnap immediately knew he was intruding.

He walked off to his room as George pushed Dream gently back into his, murmuring softly to him now.

After doing some work of his own, Sapnap left his room a few hours later to see a freshly showered

Dream eating McDonald's on the couch, slouched down so that he could tuck himself under George's arm. George was on his phone, absentmindedly rubbing Dream's shoulder with his free hand.

"Welcome back, bro," Sapnap said, ruffling Dream's hair as he headed to the kitchen to see if they had left him any food.

"Thanks, Sap," Dream said, voice stilted. Sapnap suddenly got the impression that George had told Dream to apologize to him, something that Dream was *not* skilled at. "Sorry I... worried you."

"It's all good," he said, smiling at his best friend. "Now we have George to pull you back, right?"

Dream smiled crooked, and leaned even more into George, if that was possible. "Yeah, we do."

-

They didn't get a chance to play Minecraft together until after the semester ended, when it was nearly Christmas. They sat around the dining table, Sapnap and Dream's usual spot to play together.

It turned out George hadn't played Minecraft regularly in a couple years, but he could still keep up with them pretty well. They had started off in a random seed, planning to just play survival, maybe beat the game, but it had quickly turned into a free for all.

Dream was chasing George through a birch forest, lava bucket in hand. George sounded like he was actually terrified, screaming as he frantically sprint-jumped under the trees. Dream was laughing so hard he was nearly doubled over in his chair, fingers somehow still on the keyboard.

Sapnap watched their players from the treetops, Georgenotfound racing past him.

"Sapnap, *help* me!" George demanded, and Sapnap looked at him for a second to revel in his flushed red face and wild eyes, still half-laughing half-screaming.

Sapnap dropped down from the tree, now charging towards Dream with his stone axe. "Stay away from him!" he shouted, landing a couple hits on Dream before running back towards George.

"What is this?!" Dream complained, voice wheezy from his laughter. "You guys are teaming?!"

"Hell yeah!" Sapnap cheered, as George commanded him again to "get him!"

They managed to kill Dream, finally, and Dream slammed his palms down on the table.

"That's so not fair," he groaned, "shouldn't you be on my team? George?"

George scoffed from beside Sapnap. "You are the one who was trying to kill me!"

Dream ignored this, now looking at Sapnap, "not even you, Sapnap?"

"Sorry, man. You know George needs a knight in shining armor."

"Shut *up*, Sapnap!"

-

"This semester is gonna *suck*," Sapnap said, sitting down across from Dream at their usual table in the library. "I can already tell."

“Don’t even talk,” Dream groaned, pushing his laptop away to drop his forehead to the table. “I have to read 200 pages by Wednesday. For just one class.”

“That’s what you get for being an English major,” Sarnap sang, putting his backpack on the table but making no move to get anything out of it, instead going on his phone.

Dream grunted, not deeming that with reply, before lifting his head with great effort to go back to work. Sarnap looked up at him, taking in his best friend’s appearance.

His hair had gotten longer over break, falling nearly in his eyes and curling around his ears. He was wearing the sweatshirt that George had got him for Christmas, a soft green color. Sarnap suspected George had gotten it for him just so he could steal it himself to wear. Dream looked well rested, Sarnap realized—happy. But he guessed that wasn’t really a new thing, anymore.

They sat in silence for a few minutes before Dream reached for his phone, checking the lock screen. “Where’s George?” he said. “His class ended a while ago.”

“How do you know his schedule already? It’s only the first day of classes,” Sarnap said, looking up. “Oh, no way. You guys are creepy.”

Right on cue, like Dream had summoned him, George came walking towards their table from behind Dream. Dream perked up immediately, twisting in his chair to smile at his boyfriend.

“Hi baby,” he said, happily accepting the kiss George gave him in greeting.

“Idiot,” George replied. He didn’t even try to hide that it was a pet name at this point.

He sat in the chair next to Dream, snatching Dream’s hand off the table to hold. Sarnap looked at the two of them and remembered the start of last semester, when he’d sat at this same table showing Dream the Instagram profile of his TA.

Dream laughed, loud and bright, at something George had said, and Sarnap smiled, continuing to scroll on his phone, happy to just watch.

## End Notes

mmmmm soft boyfriends in college my favorite treat

i really hope this being from sarnap’s pov was fun to read, it was soooo fun to write !!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!